

THE
SEVENTH EPISTLE
Attempted in ENGLISH,
From the KING of PRUSSIA's
OEUVRES du PHILOSOPHE
DE
SANS SOUCI.
TO MAUPERTUIS.

Th' Almighty is not partial in his Laws,
For one he acts not — but the gen'ral Cause.

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P R E F A C E.

SOMETHING in the Prefatory Way, seems absolutely necessary to a new Work; though I believe not one Reader in ten condescends to peruse them: as this is a Translation, it is scarce entitled to one: I would much rather wish it a noble Patron, whose Name might adorn and countenance a Work, no less Infant, than the Translator; who cannot assume a Sufficiency of Vanity to call himself Poet. It is the first Attempt he ever laid before the World, and he hopes she'll be tender enough to consider his Infancy, and not clip his Wings, as he never meant to envy the Wits of the Age, or presum'd to eclipse their Laurels.

It is said, *Poeta nascitur, non fit* — And if in this there is any Poetry, it is pure Nature, very little assisted with Study, though translated from the supposed philosophick Works of the great King

of PRUSSIA; whose Thoughts and Ideas are
no less sublime, than his Deeds heroick. Extolling
a Character so universally known, might be deem'd
prolix, and greatly presumptive, as I'm confident
I cannot do his exemplary Virtues Justice.

Gentle Reader, candidly peruse the subsequent
Lines; and permit me to say, with the immortal
POPE,

It makes me mad, and I confess it too,
When Works are censur'd not as bad, but new.

The AUTHOR.

The



The SEVENTH EPISTLE

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From the KING of *PRUSSIA*'s

OEUVRES du PHILOSOPHE, &c.

Th' Almighty is not partial in his Laws,
For one he acts not — but the gen'ral Cause.

D O not presume MAUPERT--IS GOD to scan,
Wisdom supreme regards the Gen'ral Plan.
Say! does our Needs and Littleness of State?
Merit the Cares of a superior Fate?

That unknown Author, first great gen'ral Cause,
Who made this World from Chaos, fix'd his Laws;
All Gravitation to one Centre tends,
Fire fluctuating in the Air ascends,
Water pursues it's Course declining given,
Continuing all the Circle drawn by Heaven;

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Fruit-

Fruit-bearing Trees from Kernels long have rose,
 Yet the same Seeds will not produce the Rose,
 Productions all conform unto their Cause.

Man from the Natal Hour a Passion feeds,
 Passion the Tyrant of his Heart and Deeds;
 By like Effects, th'ungovern'd Empire know
 From Falsehoods most revengeful Hatreds grow,
 In Loves sweet Draughts you bitter Poysons find,
 Seduces Reason, and distracts the Mind;
 At last, suspicious of our dearest Friends,
 It sinks in Madness, or in Phrensy ends.
 Blind Rage ungovern'd, horribly begins
 And hurries Man, unthinking, into Sins.
 More great or less these Characters we bear,
 Tho' ever necessary — never rare :

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Heraclitus a weeping Passion sways,
Democritus in laughing spends his Days;
 Thus rules the Spleen by Turns the human Breast,
 'Tis hard, we temper it, and at last digest.

The Almighty made these Passions for the whole,
 And thro' the World impartial spread them all:
 See strange Varieties thro' the Space are hurl'd,
 Yet their Connexions ornament the World;
 However pleasing to the Sight they've been,
 An equal Beauty still renews the Scene.

30

The Part I act, the Fate which I expect,
 Does not Emperium move, or God affect;
 No bias'd Principle deceives my Views,
 The Stream it rose in, still the Stream pursues;

With

With equal Eye th'Almighty sees below 40
 Rose aromatic, or the Hemlock grow;
 Great are his Deeds, and all the Space immense
 Declares the mighty Works of Providence.
 God form'd this Globe, and pleas'd he saw his Plan,
 Then cease to murmur, vain, weak, idle Man;
 Nature, the Almighty bid her Course pursue
 And keep his Laws unfullied in her View,
 Maintain the Virtues that to her were given
 Spotless, as when imprinted first in Heaven:
 A Watch thus form'd declares the Maker's Skill,
 The Motion given keeps the Circle still. 50
 Thus thro' the Whole th'Almighty gave his Laws,
 Th'Effect submitting to the first great Cause,
 Whatever good or bad appears to Man
 Concurs to perfect but the gen'ral Plan.

His boundless Wisdom Laws to all design'd,
 And all in Duty bound preserve their Kind;
 What Yesterday so variously defac'd,
 To Day in every Atom is replac'd.

So Sons their Fathers in the World succeed, 60
 In Towns aerial honour'd Eagles breed,
 The RHINE her Tribute to the Ocean brings,
 Here grows the Weeds, and there the Forest springs;
 What various Seeds the Earth diversify?
 Where this Year fails — subsequent Crops supply
 That Force inherent, and that Plenty given
 Raises one Kind, that, limited by Heaven,
 Nature in All's maternal in her Cares,
 She all our Losses generously repairs;

Her

Her great Fertility this 'Globe maintains, 70
 And in her flow'ry Lap, Abundance reigns :
 Nature's convinc'd the Acorn will aspire
 And shade in Time the Glory of his Sire ;
 But shou'd a Winter's Frost, or Wind destroy
 Myriads of Acorns — It don't sour her Joy ;
 If here an estive Deluge drowns the Grain,
 In many Places happy Harvests reign :
 To FRANCE, see golden AFRIC waft her Stores,
 And Fields GERMANIC nourish BRITISH Shores ;
 To Man, all this seems great, to Nature small, 80
 She keeps her Path — and seeks the Good of all.

When vernal Warmth the frozen Rill unchains,
 And SAXON Torrents swell the PRUSSIAN Streams,
 The ELBE majestick rolls impetuous down
 Her muddy Stream, o'er Meadows not her own,
 Without regarding that these Meads are mine,
 Yet what she takes from me — she adds to thine.
 Observant Nature thus pursues her Goal,
 Acts not for Parts, but the stupenduous Whole ;
 GOD smiles on Man, who blinded with his Lust, 90
 Thinks because he's unhappy — Heaven's unjust :
 Why not as well, the blind vile groveling Mole
 On BERLIN turn a Critic in her Hole ?
 Can she perceive it's Beauties or Extent ?
 No, — to the Hillock her Perceptions pent ;
 To me, MAUPERT--IS, Man seems but a Mole,
 As false in Judgment, and as weak in all.

The Rustick murmurs when the heavy Rains
 In Torrents roll their Streams into the Plains,

Then

Then Heaven he chides, and calls his God unkind,
 But does he know the Almighty's great Design?
 The parch'd up Marsh that forms his verdant Fields
 Owes to the Rill, the flow'ry Herb it yields,
 Her silver Streams through pebbled Lab'rins drain,
 Ebbing with Rivers to enrich the Main.
 Man with imperfect Eye sees all below,
 And lively feels the Touch of every Woe;
 But never reconcil'd, or understood,
 That home-felt Evils turn'd to public Good.

Presumptuous Atom, — say? why murmurs thou? 110
 Is there from Nature ought remains thy Due?
 Will she for thee disturb the Universe?
 To ease thy Pains, or make thy Labours less:
 Abase thy Pride; remember Man thy Form
 One Day must fall a Victim to the Worm.
 God scarce regards in this his gen'ral Plan,
 A Kingdom sinking, or a Bankrupt Man;
 Empires are nothing but mere Bubbles blown,
 Scarce seen they burst, and sink in Shade unknown
 Of this or other Globes, where other Suns 120
 Shine not superior — yet our Equal runs.

Run o'er the History of the greatest Realms,
 See how their Joy Ambition overwhelms;
 View GREECE in Freedom, now a Slave to ROME,
 Abroad unrival'd, and unmatch'd at Home.
 From the ALPS see AN'BAL point at ROME's Domain,
 Look there he yields to SCIPIO AFRICAIN;
 At last by HUNS and GOTHs Destruction's hurl'd
 On ROME the Glory Mistress of the World.

A Deluge o'er a Country here prevails,
 Lo! there a fatal Plague destroys MARSEILLES;
 Empires by War, immense COLOSSSES fall,
 Man preys on Man, and Time erases all:
 See through the whole, the Almighty ne'er descends
 To Individuals Births, or various Ends;
 He seeks in all the Good of all the World,
 One Man unnotic'd in the Ruin's hurl'd.

How the mean Soul these great Events must try,
 When Truth herself reveals it to the Eye:
 If the refulgent Star of Day serene,
 Burns up the golden Harvest with his Beam,
 And Heaven, obdurate to the Rustick's Prayers,
 Retains the Moisture of Aurora's Tears;
 Then plastick Nature to her Centre shrinks,
 For Bread she sickens, and by Famine sinks;
 Death unappeas'd, at length a Kingdom rends,
 And all in one sad Desolation ends.

If GOD will deign to watch the Fates of Men,
 Will he assist t' increase their Sorrows then?
 Will he with Eye serene behold the Souls?
 That bled this War, between the distant Poles:
 Crimes, Murders, Rapes, whole Nations over-run,
 And horrid Massacres of Old and Young;
 Can Sights so sanguine be, and not abhorr'd,
 When Generations perish by the Sword.

In Spite of Evils which this War has made,
 Nature with Hand profuse the Whole's repaid.

As when some Monarch's sage Decree is born
 To banish Sparrows from the Farmer's Corn;
 His kingly Rigour ne'er prevents their Food, 160
 They chirp, and still encrease the feather'd Brood.
 Beasts fall a Prey, too for the Use of Man,
 And yet they multiply from Nature's Plan;
 The Flesh we feed on, it supports us all,
 Good thro' the Whole, for fear a Part shou'd fall.

See Ills contagious spread their Horrors now,
 Tearing our very Heifers from the Plough;
 Behold those Meads deserted in a Day,
 Death, Death, relentless sweeping Herds away:
 Man tries his Art in vain; alas! he pleads, 170
 But with their Fall Sterility succeeds;
 Penfive and sad the Rustick feels the Wound,
 Sighs o'er his Rake neglected on the Ground:
 FRENCH, BRITONS, GERMANS, feel these cruel Ills;
 PRUSSIA, the NORTH, and SCYTHIA's frozen Hills:
 Death vainly spreads his Fury o'er the Earth,
 Nature repays it with a second Birth.

This calls to Mind, alas! the many Scars
 That PRUSSIA's suffer'd in her heavy Wars;
 Your King, O! Citizens, with Tears deplores 180
 The Ills experienced from yon hostile Corps:
 The Great, the Low, Death neither spares or shuns,
 In dismal Weeds our Country weeps her Sons.

So dire and sudden is the Plague to all
 Where e'er it seizes, there we surely fall;

A burning Heat attacks the Body first,
 Short grows the Breath, unsatisfy'd's the Thirst;
 Alas! they drink, but yet the deepest Stream
 Is not sufficient to allay the Flame;
 Like boiling Furnaces their Entrails burn,
 Tho' cool'd with Water, still the Heats return;
 Wand'rings the Eye, it knows not what to seek,
 The Tongue grows fur'd, and has no Power to speak;
 Trembling and wan, they take the last Embrace,
 His Fate each reading in his Neighbour's Face;
 Spectres they stalk, with Grief and Sickness tore,
 Their Bodies blotch'd with pois'nous Spots all o'er,
 From whence a most offensive Stench doth come,
 As if the very Carcass was a Tomb;
 Then raving, tearing their dishevill'd Hair,
 They die unnumber'd in a sad Despair.

O wretched Times! too truly true below,
 No NISUS left, no dear ORESTES now;
 The Ties of Friends, and Parents can no more
 Bind a much frightened, wounded Nation o'er.
 Say, must I paint that dreary Scene again?
 That caus'd a Nation's Ruin, Woe, and Pain:
 See how they there the plaintive Victims shun?
 Whom the Contagion's seiz'd; from which they run;
 They never turn to hear a Parent's Cries;
 Who in the general Ruin raving dies.
 Next Hunger stalks, with hollow Cheeks and wan;
 And Hope dejected — quits despairing Man.
 Paint if you can the Horrors of these Times;
 Horrors beyond a labouring Poet's Rhymes:

In

In Streets, and Houses, Heaps of Bodies lie;
 Fathers on Sons, and Sons on Fathers die.
 Heard you that Groan? a Troop of Ghosts took Flight,
 Imploring GOD before they sunk in Night:
 Praying the Mother falls — Oh spare my Child, 220
 Who clings, unknowing what it suck'd, and smil'd;
 The very Air itself's infectious grown
 From Bodies, which the Earth denies a Tomb.

The Muse's Tears detain th' elegiac Theme,
 Pensive she shudders o'er the dreary Scene;
 Here a faint Taper its pale Glimmerings gave
 To light a Fam'ly to the yawning Grave;
 And even those the Obsequies attend,
 Drop in the pious Act upon their Friend:
 From Heaps of Dead, see Numbers shivering run 230
 Falling almost before their Flight's begun;
 None draw in th' holiest Places purer Breath,
 For all thy Air's, O KONIGSBERG, are Death:
 The Plague e'en menac'd every vital Thread,
 For Men were scarcely left to earth the Dead.

The Plague's now ceas'd, it's epidemick Rage,
 And every Evil seems at last t' assuage;
 Glutted and cloy'd with Cruelties that's past,
 The dire Infection dissipates at last;
 Nature reblooms, and this auspicious Reign, 240
 The martial PRUSSIAN Race restores again.
 Nature and Time, attentive to our Call,
 Under Love's Banners soon repairs the whole:
 Another Race your Desert Realms restore,
 Your Life GOD gave, for which your GOD adore.

D

Now

Now view the whole, behold that lovely Scene,
And point one Vestige, where the Plague has been.

If these shou'd hurt the Universal Laws,
Wou'dn't th' Almighty then prevent the Cause?
It seems an Ill, not rightly understood, 250
But proves at last to be a general Good.

Severe and hard as this may seem to most,
Yet in this Truth our only Joy's not lost.
The Sage in all an Happiness enjoys,
Griefs serve in Turn to elevate his Joys;
He sees his natural Frailty thro' the Whole,
But Reason arms him to the distant Goal;
In Joys, he treads the EPICUREAN Line,
In Woes he is, most *Stoicly* divine.

These are God's Laws, the Duties of our Days, 260
And in expressive Silence, muse his Praise;
Our Reason's weak, in it great Error lies,
Rest on thy Earth, don't rush into the Skies:
In Spite of Ills, presume not God to scan,
For to submit's *PHILOSOPHY* in Man.

F I N I S